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Middlebury, Sept. 4, 1865.

Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXX.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER, 1, 1865.

NO. 31.

MISCELLANY.

THE TWINS.

HOW A FORTUNE WAS LOST AND WON.

I was by profession a detective officer in the London metropolitan police. My services, the superintendent late one afternoon informed me, were required in a perplexed and entangled affair, which would probably occupy me for some time, as orders had been given to investigate the matter thoroughly. 'There,' he added, 'is a Mr. Repton, a highly respectable country solicitor's clerk. He is from Lancashire, and is staying at Webb's Hotel, Piccadilly, London. You are to see him at once. He will put you in possession of all the facts—surmises rather, I should say, for the facts, to my apprehension, are scant enough—connected with the case, and you will then use all diligence to ascertain, first, if the alleged crime has been really committed, and if so, of course to bring the criminal or criminals to justice.'

I found Mr. Repton, a stout, bald-headed, gentlemanly person, apparently about sixty years of age, just in the act of going out. 'I have a pressing engagement for this evening,' Mr. Waters, said he, after glancing at the introductory note I had brought, 'and cannot possibly go into the business with the attention and minuteness it requires till the morning. But I'll tell you what: one of the parties concerned, and the one, too, with whom you will have especially to deal, I know, to be at Covent Garden theatre this evening. It is of course necessary that you should be acquainted with his person; and if you will go with me in the cab that is waiting outside, I will step with you into the theatre, and point him out.' I assented, and on entering Covent Garden pit, Mr. Repton, who kept behind me, to avoid observation, directed my attention to a group of persons occupying the front seats of the third box in the lower tier from the stage, on the right hand side of the house. They were—a gentleman of about thirty years of age; his wife, a very elegant person, a year or two younger; and three children, the eldest of whom, a boy, could not have been more than six or seven years old. This done, Mr. Repton left the theatre, and about two hours afterwards I did the same.

The next morning I breakfasted with the Lancashire solicitor by appointment. As soon as it was concluded, business was at once entered upon.

'You closely observed Sir Charles Malvern yesterday evening, I presume?' said Mr. Repton.

'I paid great attention to the gentleman you pointed out to me,' I answered, 'if he be Sir Charles Malvern.'

'He is, or at least—' But of that presently. First let me inform you that Malvern, a few months ago, was a legged gamester, or nearly so, to speak with precision. He is now in good bodily health, has a charming wife, and a family to whom he is much attached, an unencumbered estate of about twelve thousand a year, and has not gambled since he came into possession of the property. This, I presume, is there, think you, anything remarkable in Sir Charles's demeanor?

'Singularly so. My impression was, that he was laboring under a terrible depression of spirits, and I imagined, by pecuniary difficulties. His manner was restless, abstracted. He paid no attention whatever to anything going on or on the stage, except when his wife or one of the children especially challenged his attention; and then, a brief answer returned, he relapsed into the same restless inobservance as before. He is very nervous, too. The box door was suddenly opened once or twice, and I noticed his sudden start each time.'

'You have exactly described him—Well, that perturbed and feverish manner has constantly distinguished him since his accession to the Redwood estate, and only since then. It strengthens me and one or two others in possibly an unfounded suspicion which—'

'Sir Thomas Redwood, whose property in Lancashire is chiefly in the neighborhood of Liverpool, met his death, as did his only son Mr. Archibald Redwood, about six months ago, in a very sudden and shocking manner. They were out trying a splendid mare for the first time in harness which Sir Thomas had lately purchased at a very high price. Two grooms on horseback were in attendance, to render assistance if required, for the animal was a very powerful, high spirited one. All went very well till they arrived in front of Mr. Meredith's place, Oak Villa. This gentleman has a passion for firing off a number of brass cannon on the anniversary of such events as he deems worthy of the honor. This happened, unfortunately, to be one of Mr. Meredith's gunpowder days; and as Sir Thomas and his son were passing, a stream of light flashed directly in the eyes of the mare followed by the roar of artillery, at no more than about ten paces off. The terrified animal became instantly unmanageable, got the bit between her teeth, and darted off at the wildest speed. The road is a curved and rugged one, and after tearing along for about half a mile the off-wheel of the gig came, at an abrupt turn, full against a mile-stone. The tremendous shock hurled the two unfortunate gentlemen upon the road with a frightful violence, tore the vehicle almost completely asunder, and so injured the mare, that she died the next day. The alarmed grooms, who had not only been unable to render assistance, but even to keep up with the terrified mare, found Mr. Archibald Redwood quite dead. The spine had been broken close to the nape

of the neck; his head in fact, was doubled up, so to speak, under the body. Sir Thomas still breathed, and was conveyed to Redwood manor-house. Surgical assistance was promptly obtained; but the internal injuries were so great, that the excellent old gentleman expired in a few hours after he had reached his home. I was hastily sent for; and when I arrived, Sir Thomas was still fully conscious. He imparted to me matters of great moment, to which he requested I would direct, after his decease, my best care and attention. His son, I was aware, had but just returned from a tour on the continent, where he had been absent for nearly a twelvemonth; but I was not aware, neither was the father till the day before his death, that Mr. Archibald Redwood had not only secretly espoused a Miss Ashton—a reduced family, but belonging to our best gentry—but had returned home, not solely for the purpose of soliciting Sir Thomas's forgiveness of his unauthorized espousals, but that the probable heir of Redwood might be born within the walls of the ancient manor-house. After the first burst of passion and surprise, Sir Thomas, one of the best-hearted men in the universe, cordially forgave his son's disobedience—partly, and quite rightly, imputing it to his own foolish urgency in pressing a union with one of the Lacy family, with which the baronet was very intimate, and whose estate joined his.

'Well, this lady, now a widow, had been left by her husband at Chester, whilst he came on to seek an explanation with his father. Mr. Archibald Redwood was to have set out the next morning in one of Sir Thomas's carriages to bring home his wife; and the baronet, with his dying breath, bade me assure her of an entire forgiveness, and his earnest hope and trust that through her offspring the race of the Redwoods might be continued in a direct line. The family estates, I should tell you, being strictly entailed on heirs male, devolved, if no son of Sir Archibald Redwood should bear his claim, upon Charles Malvern, the son of a cousin of the late Mr. Thomas Redwood. The baronet had always felt partially towards Malvern, and had assisted him pecuniarily a hundred times. Sir Thomas also directed me to draw as quickly as I could a short will bequeathing £20,000 out of the personalty. I wrote as expeditiously as I could, but by the time the paper was ready for his signature, Sir Thomas was no longer conscious. I placed the pen in his hand, and I fancied he understood the purpose, for his fingers closed faintly upon it; but the power to guide was utterly gone, and on a slight, scrambling stroke marked the paper, as the pen slid across it in the direction of the falling arm.

'Mr. Malvern arrived at the manor-house about an hour after Sir Thomas breathed his last. It was clearly apparent through all his sorrow, partly real, I have no doubt, as well as partly assumed, that joy, the joy of riches, splendor, station, was dancing at his heart, and, spite of all his efforts to subdue or conceal, sparkling in his eye. I briefly, but as gently as I could, acquainted him with the position of affairs. The revelation of feelings which ensued entirely unmanned him; and it was not till an hour afterwards that he recovered his self-possession sufficiently to converse reasonably and coolly upon his position. At last he became apparently reconciled to the sudden overthrow of his imaginatively-built prospects, and it was agreed that, as he was a relative of the widow, he should at once set off to break the sad news to her. Well, a few days after his departure I received a letter from him, stating that Lady Redwood—I don't think, by the way, that as her husband died before succeeding to the baronetcy, she is entitled to that appellation of honor; we, however, call her so out of courtesy—that Lady Redwood, though prematurely confined in consequence of the intelligence of her husband's untimely death, had given birth to a female child, and that both mother and daughter were as well as could be expected. This, you will agree, seemed perfectly satisfactory.'

'Entirely so.'

'So I thought. Mr. Malvern was now unquestionably, whether Sir Charles Malvern or not, the proprietor of the Redwood estates, burdened as with a charge, in accordance with the conditions of the entails, of a thousand pounds life annuity to the late Mr. Redwood's infant daughter.

'Sir Charles returned to Redwood manor-house, where his wife and family soon after arrived. Lady Redwood had been joined, I understood, by her mother, Mrs. Ashton, and would, when able to undertake the journey, return to her maternal home. It was about two months after Sir Thomas Redwood's death that I determined to pay Lady Redwood a visit, in order to the winding up of the personal estate, which it was desirable to accomplish as speedily as possible; and then a new and terrible light flashed upon me.'

'What in heaven's name?' I exclaimed, for the first time breaking silence—'what could there be to reveal?'

'Only,' rejoined Mr. Repton, 'that ill-delicious, as Lady Redwood admitted herself to have been, it was her intimate, unconquerable conviction, that she had given birth to twins!'

'Good God! And you suspect—'

'That has certainly an ugly look.'

'True; and a few days ago I received information that Williams has been seen in Birmingham. He was well dressed, and not apparently in any business.'

'There certainly appears some grounds for suspicion. What plan of operations do you propose?'

'That,' replied Mr. Repton, 'I must leave to your more practised sagacity. I can only undertake that no means shall be lacking that may be required.'

'It will be better, perhaps,' I suggested, 'after an interval of reflection, that I should proceed to Birmingham at once. You have, of course, an accurate description of the persons of Williams and his wife ready?'

'I have; and very accurate pen-and-ink sketches I am told they are. Besides these, I have also here,' continued Mr. Repton, taking from his pocket book a sheet of carefully-folded satin paper, 'a full description of the female baby, drawn up by its mother under the impression that twins alone—I believe they generally do—resemble each other. Light hair, blue eyes, dimpled chin—and so on. The baby—a very charming person, I assure you, and neck and gentle as a fawn—is chiefly anxious to recover her child. You and I should our suspicions be confirmed, have other duties to perform.'

'This was pretty nearly all that passed, and the next day I went off to Birmingham.

The search, as I was compelled to be very cautious in my inquiries, was tedious, but successful. Mr. and Mrs. Williams I discovered living in a pretty house, with neat grounds attached, about two miles out of Birmingham, on the coach road to Wolverhampton. Their assumed name was Burridge, and I ascertained from the servant girl who fetched their dinner and supper beer, and occasionally wine and spirits, from a neighboring tavern, that they had one child, a boy, a few months old, of whom neither father nor mother, seemed very fond—By dint of much perseverance, I at length won upon pretty familiar terms with Mr. Burridge, alias Williams. He spent his evenings regularly in a tavern; but with all the painstaking, indefatigable ingenuity I employed, the chief knowledge I acquired, during three weeks of assiduous endeavor, was, that my friend Burridge intended, immediately after a visit which he expected shortly from a rich and influential relative in London, to emigrate to America, at all events to go abroad.—This was, however, very significant and precious information; and very rarely, indeed, was he out of my sight or observation. At length perseverance obtained its reward. One morning I discovered my friend much more sprucely attired than ordinarily make his way to the railway station, and there question with eager looks every passenger that alighted from the first class carriages. At last a gentleman, whom I instantly recognized, spite of his shawl and other wrappings, arrived by the express train from London. Williams instantly accosted him, a cab was called, and away they drove. I followed in another, and saw them both alight at a hotel in New Street. I also alighted, and was mentally debating how to proceed, when Williams came out of the tavern and proceeded in the direction of his home. I followed, overtook him, and soon contrived to ascertain that he and his wife had important business to transact in Birmingham the next morning which would render it impossible he should meet me, as I proposed, till two or three o'clock in the afternoon at the earliest; and the next morning, my esteemed friend informed me, he would leave the place, probably forever. An hour after this interesting conversation, I accompanied by the chief of the Birmingham police, was closeted with the landlord of the hotel in New Street, a highly respectable person, who promised us every assistance in his power. Sir Charles Malvern had, we found, engaged a private room for the transaction of important business with some persons he expected in the morning, and our plans were soon fully matured or agreed upon.

I slept little that night, and immediately after breakfast hastened with my Birmingham colleague to the hotel. The apartment assigned for Sir Charles Malvern's use had been a bedroom, and a large wardrobe, with a high wing at each end, still remained in it. We tried if it would hold us, and with very little stooping and queezing, found it would do very well. The landlord soon gave us the signal to be on the alert, and in we jammed ourselves, looking the wing doors on the inside. A minute or two afterwards Sir Charles and Mr. and Mrs. Williams entered, and, paper, pens and ink having been brought, business commenced in right earnest. Their conversation it is needless to detail. It will suffice to say that it was manifest Sir Charles, by a heavy bribe, had induced the acconcheur and his to conceal the birth of the male child, which, as I suspected, was that which Williams and his spouse were bringing up as their own.—I must do the fictitious banter the justice to say that he had from the first the utmost anxiety that no harm should befall the infant. Mr. Malvern's nervous dread lest his confederates should be questioned, had induced their hurried departure from Chester, and it now appeared that he had become aware of the suspicion entertained by Mr. Repton, and could not rest till the Williams's and the child were safe out of the country. It was now insisted, by the woman more especially, that the agreement for the large annual payment to be made to Sir Charles should be fairly written out in 'black and white,' to use Mrs. Williams's expression, in order that no future misunderstandings might arise. This Mr. Malvern strongly objected to; but finding the woman would accept of

no other terms, he sullenly complied, and at the same time he reiterated, that if any harm should befall the boy—to whom he intended, he said, to leave a handsome fortune—he would cease, regardless of consequences to himself, to pay the Williamses a shilling.

A silence of several minutes followed, broken only by the scratching of the pen on the paper. The time to me seemed an age, squeezed crooked stifled as I was in that narrow box, and so I afterwards learned it did to my fellow sufferer. At length Mr. Malvern said in the same cautious whisper in which they had all hitherto spoken, 'This, I think, will do,' and read what he had written. Mr. and Mrs. Williams signified their approval; and as matters were now fully ripe, I gently turned the key, and very softly pushed open the door. The backs of the amiable trio were towards me, and as my boots were off, and the apartment was thickly carpeted, I approached unperceived, and to the inexpressible horror and astonishment of the parties concerned, whose heads were bent eagerly over the important document, a hand, which belonged to neither of them, was thrust lightly but swiftly forward and grasped the precious instrument. A fierce exclamation from Mr. Malvern, as he started from his seat, and a convulsive scream from Mrs. Williams as she fell back in hers, followed; and to add to the animation of the tableaux, my friend in the opposite wing emerged at the same moment from his hiding place.

Mr. Malvern comprehended at a glance the situation of affairs, and made a furious dash at the paper. I was quicker as well as stronger than he, and he failed in his object. Resistance was of course out of the question; and in less than two hours we were speeding on the rail to London, accompanied by the child, whom we entrusted to Williams's servant maid.

Mr. Repton was still in town, and Mrs. Ashton, Lady Redwood, and her unmarried sister, in their impatience of intelligence, had arrived several days before. I had the pleasure of accompanying Mrs. Repton with the child and his temporary nurse to Osborne's Hotel in the Adelphi; and I really at first feared for the excited mother's reason, or that she would do the infant a mischief, so tumultuous, so frenzied was her rapturous joy at the recovery of her lost treasure. When placed in the cot beside the female infant, the resemblance of the one to the other was certainly almost perfect. I never saw before nor since so complete a likeness. This was enough for the mother; but, fortunately we had much more satisfactory evidence, legally viewed, to establish the identity of the child in a court of law, should the necessity arise for doing so.

Here, as far as I am concerned, all positive knowledge of this curious piece of family history ends. Of subsequent transactions between the parties I had no personal cognizance. I only know there was a failure of justice, and I can pretty well guess from what motives. The parties I arrested in Birmingham were kept in strict custody for several days; but no indictment, no threats, could induce the institutions of the inquiry to appear against the detected criminals.

Mrs. and Miss Ashton, Lady Redwood and her children, left town the next day but one for Redwood manor; and Mr. Repton coolly told the angry superintendent, that he had no instructions to prosecute. He, too, was speedily off, and the prisoners were necessarily discharged out of custody.

I saw, about three weeks afterwards, in a morning paper, that Mr. Malvern, 'whom the birth of a posthumous heir in a direct line had necessarily deprived of all chance of succession to the Redwood estates, and the baronetcy, which the newspapers had so absurdly conferred on him, was, with his amiable lady and family, about to leave England for Italy, where they intend to remain for some time.' The expressed but uncompleted will of the deceased baronet, Sir Thomas Redwood, had been, it was further stated, carried into effect, and the legacy intended for Mr. Malvern paid over to him. The Williamses never, to my knowledge, attained to the dignity of a notice in the newspapers; but I believe they pursued their original intention of passing over to America.

Thus not only 'Offence's' gilded hand, but some of the best feelings of our nature, not unfrequently 'shove by justice,' and place a consoling glass over deeds which, in other circumstances, would have infallibly consigned the perpetrators to a prison, or perhaps the hulks.—Whether, however, any enactment could effectually grapple with an abuse which springs from motives so natural and amiable is a question which I must leave to wiser heads than mine to discuss and determine.—[Diary of a Detective.

A barrister having wearied the court by a long and dull argument, the judge suggested the expediency of his bringing it to a close. 'I shall speak as long as I please,' he replied, angrily. 'You have spoken longer than you please already,' replied the judge.

He who greedily seeks honors and riches, may be compared to a man suffering from thirst which he tries to quench with the water of the sea. The more he drinks, the more he wants to drink, until at last he dies of drinking it.

A SAD STORY OF THE WAR.—In April last, a day or two previous to the departure of one of the last infantry regiments raised in this State, a beautiful woman, aged only sixteen years, went to the camp to visit her husband, to whom she had been married only a few weeks. Having accomplished her object, she made preparations to return to her home in a neighboring county, and her husband applied to his Captain for permission to accompany her as far as the depot in the city. This was refused, the Captain, however, informed the soldier that he was going to Columbus, and would see that his wife was properly cared for.—Placing the lady in a carriage, he brought her to this city. But instead of conveying her to the depot took her to a hotel, and there, by persuasions and threats, induced her to forget her allegiance to her husband. A day or two after, the regiment went to the field: the erring woman did not see her husband again, and kept the secret of her shame locked within her bosom for many months. Stricken by remorse, she at length wrote her husband of the great wrong done him by his Captain, and begged forgiveness. Frantically with grief the soldier sought the Captain, and charged him, in the presence of his fellow officers, with the damning deed. The worse than villain did not deny the charge, but admitted it. Incensed at the cool, unprincipled villainy of the brute, charges were made out against him by a number of the officers and forwarded to headquarters, but before action could be had thereon the regiment was mustered out of service.

Arriving at Camp Chase, the regiment was a few days since finally discharged. In the meantime the wronged man died of a broken heart in an eastern hospital. The day after the discharge, the officers of the regiment, who had assembled in the State House yard for the purpose of having a photographic picture made of them, by a prominent artist of the city, were seated in a circle on the grass awaiting the movement of the photographer, when a motion was made by one of the number, requesting Captain— to withdraw from the group, as they had no desire to associate in any capacity hereafter with a second and murderer. The motion was unanimously carried. The rebuked Captain withdrew, from their midst, and immediately left the city for his home, in Northern Ohio.—Columbus (Ohio) Journal.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.—The following delightful humorous note has lately been published by the author of this remarkable fiction:

'It is wholly a fiction, "founded on fact." The facts on which it is founded are these—that Aaron Burr sailed down the Mississippi River in 1805, again in 1806, and was tried for treason in 1807. It was my intention that the story should have been published with no author's name, other than that of Capt. Frederic Ingham, United States navy. Whether writing under his name or my own, I have taken no liberties with history other than such as every writer of fiction is privileged to take,—indeed, must take, if fiction is to be written at all.

The story having been once published, it passed out of my hands. From that moment it has gradually acquired different accessories, for which I am not responsible. Thus I have heard it said, that at one bureau of the navy department they say that Nolan was pardoned, in fact, and returned home to die. At another bureau, I am told, the answer to questions is, that, though it is true that an officer was kept aboard all his life, his name was Nolan. A venerable friend of mine in Boston, who discredits all tradition, still recollects this "Nolan court-martial." One of the most accurate of my younger friends had noticed Nolan's death in the newspaper, but recollected "that it was in September, and not in August." A lady in Baltimore writes me, I believe in good faith, that Nolan has two widowed sisters residing in that neighborhood. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Dispatch believed "the article untrue, as the United States corvette Levant was lost at sea nearly three years since, between San Francisco and San Juan." I may remark that this uncertainty as to the place of her loss rather adds to the probability of her turning up after three years in latitude two degrees 11 minutes south, longitude 131 degrees west. A writer in the New Orleans Picayune, in a careful historical paper, explained at length that I had been mistaken all through; that Philip Nolan never went to sea, but to Texas; that there he was shot in battle March 21, 1801, and by orders from Spain every fifth man of his party was to be shot, had they not died in prison. Fortunately, however, he left his papers and maps, which fell into the hands of a friend of the Picayune's correspondent. The friend proposes to publish them,—and the public will then have, it is to be hoped, the true history of Philip Nolan, the man without a country.

With all these contrivances, however, I have nothing to do. I can only repeat that my Philip Nolan is pure fiction. I cannot send his scrapbook to my friend who asks for it, because I have it not to send. In the same connection I must add that Mr. P. Nolan, steamer in Boston, whose fair and erst I venture to recommend to an indulgent public, is no relation of the hero of this tale. In reply to a kind adviser in Connecticut, who told me that the story must be apologized for, because it was doing great injury to the national cause by asserting such continued cruelty of the federal government through a half-century, I must be permitted to say that the public, like the supreme court of the United States, may be supposed "to know something."

Many who claim to be "loyal to the backbone" were loyal to the rebellion's backbone as long as it had a backbone.

All men have the sense of commiseration. To extend it to all pain and suffering is humanity. All men have the sentiment of what is right to be done.—To extend this to all they do is equity.

Jeff Thompson tells the editor of the Louisville Journal that the only persons in the South who wish to do any more fighting, are those who didn't do any when they had a chance.

"How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned?" said an amiable spouse to her husband. "Till he got a wife," was the calm reply.

If you should happen to meet a friend in need, remember that you do not know how soon you may need a friend.

THE NEWSPAPER.—Without my newspaper, life would narrow itself to the smallest limits of my personal experiences, and humanity be compressed into the ten or fifteen people I mix with. Now I refuse to accept this. I have not a sixpence in my pocket, but I want to know how they stand. I was never—I never in all likelihood shall be—in Japan; but I have an intense curiosity to know what our troops did at Yokohama. I deplore the people who, suffering by that railroad smash; and I sympathize with the newly-married couple so beautifully depicted in the illustrated, as they drove off in a chair, and one old gent, at the hall door waving them a last adieu. I like the letters of correspondents, with their little grievances about their unpunctual trains, or some unwarrantable omission in the liturgy. I even like the people who chronicle the rainfall, and record little facts about the mildness of the season.—As for the advertisements, I regard them as the glass and mirror of the age. Show me but one page of the "want" of any country, and I engage to give a sketch of the current civilization of the period.—What glimpses of rare interiors do we gain by these brief paragraphs! How full of suggestiveness, and of story are they!—Blackwood's Magazine.